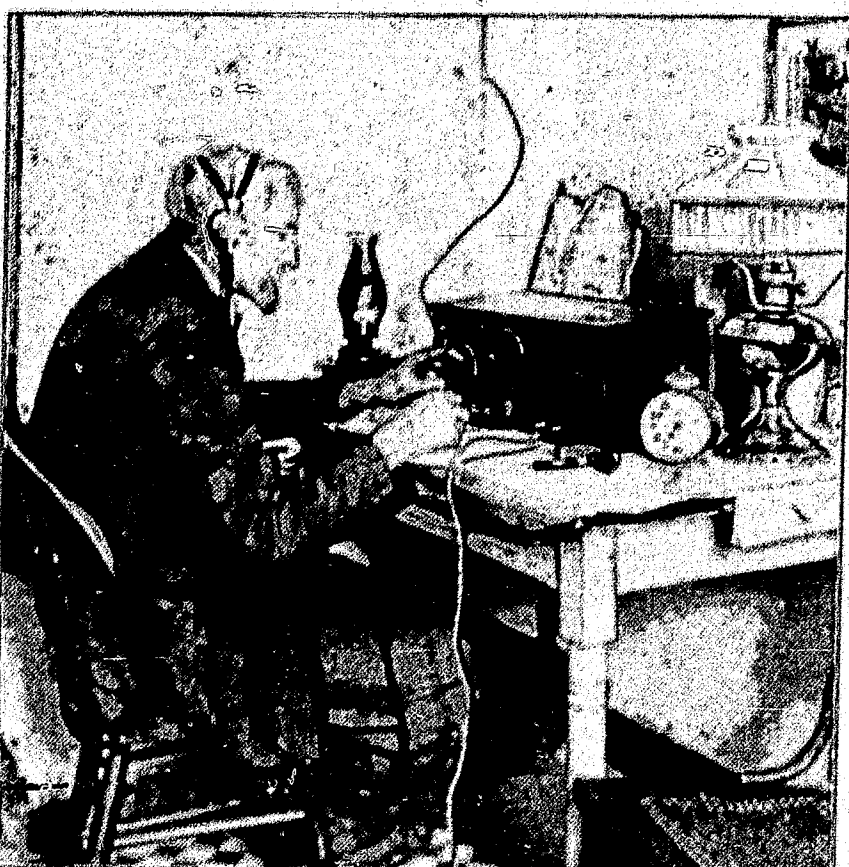


RADIO



Farm Radio Making Rapid Growth—There Are Nearly 1,000,000 Radio Sets on Farms in the United States.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

There are nearly 1,000,000 radio sets on farms in the United States, the Department of Agriculture estimates in a report on the growth of farm radio during the past five years.

In some states, the department says, there are radio sets on 25 to 40 per cent of all farms. Estimates made by the department in 1923 showed 145,000 sets in use on farms at that time; 265,000 sets in 1924, and 533,000 sets early in 1925.

Increased power and improved broadcasting, together with better receiving sets, the department believes, "will do much to aid in establishing the permanency of the use of radio for the benefit of agriculture."

"One station alone in a period of three months broadcasting of market and weather reports, received more than 10,000 letters of commendation from farmers, country banks, shippers of live stock, and small merchants in the towns in 12 agricultural states surrounding the station."

Interference among stations may gradually be eliminated, the department believes, as many of the less active stations are being discontinued, and technical improvements are being made in both broadcasting and receiving equipment. Of 1,524 radio stations of all sizes licensed to broadcast since broadcasting began, only 536 were active on January 1 this year.

Co-Operative Arrangements.
The department has made co-operative arrangements with more than 100 stations for broadcasting official market news gathered by department representatives in leading shipping and receiving areas. Since the first of the year the department has made arrangements with about 60 stations to broadcast on a regular schedule four additional services dealing with general agricultural information.

Literally hundreds of stations have requested the privilege of handling the government reports, but many of the requests have had to be refused because the stations were remote from the department's market news branch offices.

"When the experimental radio market news service was announced on December 21, 1923," the report states, "those in the Department of Agriculture who were directing the new activity had anticipated the wonderful possibilities of radio broadcasting as we now know it. A laboratory transmitter at the United States bureau of standards in a 400-meter wave length, a few enthusiastic amateurs with a hundred miles of Washington and a 5 p. m. schedule of about 500 words by radio telegraph connected what was called the 'radio market' and conducted the elements of the experiment."

The gradual results of this first experiment could hardly be called spectacular, but they have encouraged the department to those in charge of it to push on to the goal of more and more effective service. On April 7, 1924, an experimental broadcast was made that attracted considerable attention. It was the first time that the department had been able to broadcast a regular schedule of reports to a large number of stations at Washington, D. C., Baltimore, Pa., St. Louis, Mo., and Omaha, Neb.

Amateurs Were Entitled.

"Amateurs an effective and as an activity of 500 miles about such stations, located wherever in the areas covered were entitled to carry the reports and to furnish them to shippers, associations, county agents, state departments, and other agricultural agencies, banks, newspapers and local telephone exchanges. A number of licensed operators offered to carry the reports. By January 1, 1925, the market reports were being received and broadcast by radio telegraph from seven post office stations in a chain across the country."

"During 1925, reports were furnished on three of the most very few radio independent broadcasting stations. Since then the service has grown by leaps

and bounds until now there is practically no agricultural community in the country that is without official market reports on agricultural commodities. Well-established schedules of weather, crop and market reports are broadcast from more than 100 stations in all parts of the country."

Farmers, of necessity, the department says, have bought mainly high priced sets capable of getting distant stations. The average cost of radio sets on more than 1,000 farms widely scattered over the country in 1923 was estimated by the department at \$175. Better and more easily operated equipment can be bought now for half this amount, the department says.

An authentic list of broadcasting stations the country over that broadcast market and crop reports has been prepared by the department for free distribution. Requests for the list should be mailed to the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

FOREFATHERS OF RADIO

By GEORGE LEWIS
of The Century Radio Corporation.

Developments in radio transmission went ahead by leaps and bounds, but the reception of signals was hampered by the lack of proper means for detecting them. Many men worked upon this problem. J. A. Fleming, for instance, invented the "valve," which was the forerunner of the radio tube developed by DeForest in this country. Not the detecting device which became most popular in the early days of radio was the crystal detector, as developed by DeForest and Pierard and introduced in 1903. By means of the crystal detector the received elec-



J. A. Fleming.

tronic current is so modified that it will operate a telephone receiver. Up to this time there had been so few radio stations that there was little difficulty about the signals of more than one station being received at the same time and interpreted with ease. However, such difficulties were anticipated by other factors with increasing time.

The length of waves sent out by the transmitting station depends upon certain constants of its apparatus, just as the length of a water wave depends upon the object which causes the disturbance in the water and is responsible for the waves. Thus a cork dropped into a pond will send out little, short, choppy waves, while if a big wooden pier overboard, the splash it makes will be followed by great waves of great length. By adjusting certain parts of the transmitting apparatus the length of waves that it sends out may be controlled, and by adjusting such the parts of the receiving apparatus one may control the wave length in which it will respond. This adjustment is called "tuning."

Thus, very early in the history of radio transmitting stations each other were tuned to different wave lengths so that the operators of a receiving set could tune to see one of them.

RECITES STORY OF FIRST U. S. HIKER

Explorations of De Vaca Told in Ancient Book.

Chromont, Cal.—A rare volume containing the story of what purports to be the first transcontinental foot journey for a white man in the conquest of North America, is the latest addition to the William S. Mason collection of Western Americans in Pomona college library.

The book tells of the adventures of Cabeza de Vaca, Spanish explorer, in journeying through the southern section of the United States between the years 1528 and 1536, and of his explorations in the River Plate countries of South America after his appointment as governor of the region in 1540.

An expedition, of which Vaca was a member, left Spain in 1527 headed for Florida and Louisiana. It was wrecked on the Florida coast. Fifty survivors drifted to the coast of Texas in rudely constructed boats and made shore November 6, 1528. All but 15 died of disease or starvation and these became slaves of the Indians.

By a stroke of good luck, Vaca stayed off threatened death for himself and companions by posing to the Indians as a divine healer, usually being able to cure minor maladies.

After six years, Vaca, with two companions, escaped. They reached the coast of California and turned southward, arriving at Mexico City, July 24, 1536.

As a reward for his exploring services Vaca was appointed governor of the provinces of the Rio de la Plata in South America. Here he incurred the jealousy of his compatriots and was sent back to Spain in 1540, remaining in prison six years awaiting trial. Eventually, he was exiled to Africa.

Two editions of the first portion of the book are known to be in existence—one in the New York public library and the other in the British museum at London.

ON LONG TRIP



Richard A. Granville, eighteen, has started out with a dollar in his pocket to travel around the world. He intends to earn his way.

Centenarians Will Be

Common in Next Century

London—Men and women one hundred years old will be active in business and social affairs by 2025, it is predicted by Sir Kingsley Wood, parliamentary secretary to the British ministry of health.

"In the next century there is no doubt in my mind that the average expectation of life will be one hundred years, and a person of seventy-five will be regarded as comparatively young," said Sir Kingsley, who has recommended more physical exercise for members of the house of commons.

"Good health and good temper go together," he continued, "and if the members of parliament took more exercise fewer members would be suspended, and wild and excited scenes in the house would disappear."

Announce New Method

of Painless Childbirth

New York—A method which it is claimed will make childbirth painless and is in no way followed by nausea was described by Dr. James F. Swainson of this city. Doctor Swainson spoke at the convention of the Medical Society of New York state.

Women tonight sleep dependent on an anesthetic to bring about insensibility, the new method accomplished this by the actual stimulation of pain, he said.

This method, Doctor Swainson explained, consists of three injections, two of magnesium sulphate and one of a mixture of the sulphate with small quantities of camphor and quinine. The combination of drugs was new, said Doctor Swainson, and the danger element less than in twilight sleep.

Latest From Paris

Paris—Arms are converted fast as snub as legs are revealed in the latest modes as displayed at the Louvre. The new trend is toward simplicity. Whatever is added in the shirt is used in the rest of the frock.

Insures Road Roller

Revere, Mass.—Tele city, called for Paul Revere, has insured the steam road roller against fire and theft. It cost \$100 for four days last year.

POLAR EXPEDITIONS WELL WORTH WHILE

Organizer of Arctic Parties Defends Projects.

New York.—Justification for the risk and expenditure of money involved in three American Arctic expeditions last summer was given by Robert Anderson Pope, organizer of the All-American Arctic expedition. His outfit will be commanded by Lieut. H. H. Ogden, both of whom are around-the-world flyers.

All three expeditions will attempt to locate and claim for the United States a large body of land believed to lie north of Alaska and eastern Siberia, spoken of by the explorers as "a new polar continent." The National Geographic society estimates that this land comprises about 1,000,000 square miles.

Natives of the northern Alaskan and Siberian coasts long have been convinced that land lay to the northward, explains Mr. Pope. They base their belief chiefly upon the northerly flight of birds in the spring. Just before nesting season. Some scientists think the birds fly clear across the pole to Spitzbergen and Franz Joseph land, but the majority think they would not be likely to attempt such a long flight at the beginning of the nesting season.

Resting Place Near By

E. W. Nelson, chief of the bureau of biological survey of the United States Department of Agriculture, recalled the evidence of Captain Hooker of the Corwin, in 1881, who found innumerable fresh tracks of wild geese on Wrangell island, but not a sign of the geese themselves, indicating a temporary stopping place.

Capt. John Keenan of Troy, N. Y., cruising the beautiful sea, north of the Alaskan shore, in search of whales in the seventies, offered more substantial evidence. After taking several whales the weather became thick and he stood to the north. When the fog lifted land to the north was seen distinctly by him and all the members of his crew.

Pope, on his unsuccessful attempt to reach the pole in 1903, reported that he sighted land to the northwest of Grant Land. Overhanging an elevation of about 2,000 feet, he could see land at a great distance, which he named Crocker Land. Further north between latitudes 85° and 87 degrees, almost at the pole, he found bear and fox tracks, indicating that land was not a great distance away.

Tidal Movement

The late H. A. Harris of the United States coast and geodetic survey offered what the explorers believe to be far more substantial information. Mr. Harris claimed that virtually all the tidal movement at the pole depends upon pressure from the tides of the north Atlantic ocean entering the circumpolar seas between Greenland and Spitzbergen.

If there were no obstruction the tides at Bennett island, north of the Siberian coast, would be the same as at Point Barrow, he said. But the tides of Bennett island rise and fall 2 1/2 feet, while of Point Barrow there is a tide of only 0.4 foot. Mr. Harris held this to be proof positive that there is some great obstruction around which the tides must flow. Further evidence of land was furnished by indications that the Beaufort sea virtually is closed in to the north and eastward. Ice does not drift freely to the northward. It seems to be caught in a pocket, and is of remarkable thickness and age. Northeast winds will drive the ice to the westward, but there is little or no movement of the ice when the wind blows from the west.

Scientist Makes Glass

Eyes That Can Be Moved

Berlin—Movable glass eyes which are hard to distinguish from normal eyes because they are subject to the control of optic muscles have been successfully fitted by Dr. Carl Mueller of Jena, noted artificial eye specialist.

Doctor Mueller found that in 90 out of 100 cases of the loss of an eye the muscles and nerves controlling the movement of the eye were unimpaired. He said he fastens connective muscle tissue of animals to a glass eye and grafts these tissues onto the remnants of the human eye muscles. The extremely delicate operation requires about an hour, and he has been successful in from 80 to 90 per cent of his cases. Success depends to a large extent, he asserted, upon the condition of the eye socket after the loss of the eye.

Picks Good Name

New Haven, Conn.—Emanuel Hoshach would become one of Uncle Sam's citizens, but under the name of Emanuel H. Adell, which, he explains, is Syrian means justice.

Parents Call on City

to Bar Santa Claus

Yanover, D. C.—The Vanover family of the city and the Vanover Detroit Merchants' association are confronted by the Vanover Parents' Teachers' association asking that impersonations of Santa Claus be discontinued. The impersonation of children, when promises made by the city to the department stores were made on Christmas day, was given as the reason.

1,363,000 FRENCH KILLED IN BATTLE

Statistics Are Striking Appeal Against Wars.

Paris.—The most striking appeal against future wars is contained in statistics finally worked out regarding the lasting records of France's war losses. M. Guston Cadoux, former president of the Paris Statistical society, now has made reckonings which peace organizations in every country might well keep in mind for future propaganda.

The population of France at the outbreak of the war was 39,000,000. From these the government mobilized for the army and navy 8,355,000. Of this number 1,363,000 lost their lives. This figure represents one-sixth of the mobilized effectives, one-seventh of the masculine population of the country and one-twentieth of the whole.

If the dead alone might be drawn up in a serried line it would require the Twentieth Century Limited, traveling without stop at sixty miles an hour, some nine hours to reach the end. The entire mobilization of human material by France would have reached from San Francisco to New York if placed shoulder to shoulder.

Comparing the percentage of losses suffered by the principal belligerents, M. Cadoux reckons that his country had one dead or missing per 23 inhabitants, as against 35 in Germany, 50 in Austria-Hungary, 60 in Great Britain, 70 in Italy, 107 in Russia and 2,000 in the United States.

France's agricultural male population of 5,698,971 lost 639,210. Of 1,327,156 engaged in commercial pursuits, 155,977 were lost. Of 915,680 artisans of the building trades, 168,747 did not return. There were 235,820 men of liberal professions mobilized and 40,432 died. Transport workers numbering 60,782 failed in return of 603,020 who went to war. There were 21,426 civil servants, 2,712 ecclesiastics, 80,100 students and 9,493 persons of independent means without profession killed.

The statistician's reckoning shows that the return of Alsace-Lorraine did not compensate for the ghastly hole torn in the population by war. Whereas the population of France was 39,000,000 in 1914, it has fallen to 38,200,000 after these provinces returned to the fold.

Records Show German

Soldiers Were Sold

Berlin.—Investigation into the manner in which some of the fortunes of Germany's former royal houses were acquired, in connection with the question of indemnification by the republic, has disclosed that German princelings up to the Nineteenth century had sold 296,166 of their subjects for \$3,750,000 to England for army service against the American colonies, the French and other enemies.

Duke Karl Wilhelm Ferdinand of Braunschweig sent 4,300 men to England for \$35 a head. It is disclosed, with an additional indemnity of \$22 a head for each man killed in action, three wounded men to be counted as one dead one.

Landgrave Frederick of Hesse "sold" 12,000 Hessians at \$75 a head, with an annual "rental" fee of \$500,000.

There has been produced a letter from the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel to Baron Hohenloher, his commanding officer in the American colonies, in which the writer commended the baron "for seeing to it that of 1,000 of the landgrave's peons in the battle of Trenton only 300 escaped alive."

"Be sure to send an itemized statement of the losses to London," the letter continues, "as the English minister wants to pay me for only 1,455 killed. I am entirely dissatisfied with Major Minder, who, according to dispatches, succeeded in saving his battalion of Hessians."

Tokyo Girls Object

to Marriage Customs

Tokyo.—The modern Japanese girl—a canvass at a girls' high school disclosed—does not favor the present day system under which most of the marriages are "arranged."

In opposition to the prevailing mode, fifty-three girls in the school said that to marry men of whom they had no previous knowledge was dangerous. Customary were opposed because the custom ignores the sentiments of the ones to be married. Ten objected to the use of a go-between to make arrangements and all agreed that the marriage question should be more seriously considered.

Ranking preferences for husbands were, government officials first and then, in order, business men, educators, farmers, physicians and army officers.

Third Set of Teeth

Cushing, Okla.—Rev. D. A. McLaurie, pioneer minister of Cushing, is getting his third set of teeth. He has now eight new molars and others are "sprouting." They are not as large as his second set, but answer the purpose for practical use and will save him a large dentist's bill for a new set, he declares.

Would Fast 100 Days

Oklahoma City, Okla.—Frank Wolfe, a farmer, thinks he could go 100 days without food, having fasted half that time recently to reduce his weight. He is challenging Mr. Jelly of Berlin for the world's championship. Jelly has fasted forty-four days.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY

A cordial invitation is extended to strangers who belong to any of these organizations to visit meetings when in town.

BETHEL LODGE, No. 97, F. & A. M., meets in Masonic Hall the second Thursday evening of every month. W. J. MacKay, W. M.; Fred J. Merrill, Secretary.

PURITY CHAPTER, No. 102, O. E. S., meets in Masonic Hall the first Wednesday evening of each month. Mrs. Grace Philbrook, W. M.; Mrs. Emma Van Den Kerkhoven, Sec.

MT. ABRAM LODGE, No. 31, I. O. O. F., meets in their hall every Friday evening. A. S. Silver, N. G.; D. M. Forbes, Secretary.

SUNSET REBEKAH LODGE, No. 64, I. O. O. F., meets in Odd Fellows' Hall the first and third Monday evenings of each month. Mrs. Alice Littlehale, N. G.; Miss Olive Austin, Secretary.

SUBURBAN LODGE, No. 22, K. of P., meets in Grange Hall the first and third Tuesdays of each month. H. C. Rowe, C. C.; N. C. Machia, K. of R. and S.

NACCOMI TEMPLE, No. 68, PYTHIAN SISTERS, meets the second and fourth Wednesday evenings of each month at Grange Hall. Mrs. Mildred Lowell, M. E. C.; Mrs. Heaster Sanborn, M. of R. and C.

BROWN POST, No. 84, G. A. R., meets at Odd Fellows' Hall the second and fourth Thursdays of each month. A. H. Huthelsson, Commandant; I. C. Jordan, Adjutant; L. N. Bartlett, Q. M.

BROWN, W. R. C., No. 36, meets in Odd Fellows' Hall the second and fourth Thursdays evenings of each month. Mrs. Lottie Inman, President; Mrs. Lillie Burbank, Secretary.

GEORGE A. MUNDT POST, No. 81, AMERICAN LEGION, meets the second and fourth Tuesday of each month in its rooms. J. M. Harrington, Commandant; Lloyd Luxton, Adjutant.

COL. C. S. EDWARDS CAMP, No. 72, S. O. F. V., meets first and third Thursdays of each month in the Legion rooms. Perry Lapham, Commandant; Carl L. Brown, Secretary.

BETHEL GRANGE, No. 56, P. of H., meets in their hall the first and third Thursdays evenings of each month. Zenna Merrill, M.; Eva W. Hastings, Secretary.

Parent-Teachers' Association. Meeting 2nd Monday of each month at Grammar School during school year. Pres., Miss Gwendolyn Godwin, Secretary, Mrs. Eugene Vandenberg.

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EL LODGE, No. 27, F. & A. M. in Masonic Hall the second evening of every month. Secretary, W. M. Fred B. Merrett.

TY CHAPTER, No. 102, O. E. S. in Masonic Hall the first evening of every month. Secretary, W. M. Fred B. Merrett.

REBEKAH LODGE, No. 31, I. O. O. F. in Odd Fellows' Hall the first and third Monday evening of every month. Secretary, W. M. Fred B. Merrett.

LY LODGE, No. 22, K. of C. in Grange Hall the first and third Monday evening of every month. Secretary, W. M. Fred B. Merrett.

MI TEMPLE, No. 68, N. S. S. in Masonic Hall the first and third Wednesday evening of every month. Secretary, W. M. Fred B. Merrett.

POST, No. 84, G. A. R. in Odd Fellows' Hall the first and third Thursday evening of every month. Secretary, W. M. Fred B. Merrett.

EDWARDS CAMP, No. 10, F. V. in Masonic Hall the first and third Friday evening of every month. Secretary, W. M. Fred B. Merrett.

GRANGE, No. 56, P. of H. in Grange Hall the first and third Saturday evening of every month. Secretary, W. M. Fred B. Merrett.

TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION, Meeting of each month at School during school year. Secretary, W. M. Fred B. Merrett.

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The Wife-Ship Woman

By HUGH PENDEXTER

Author of "Kings of the Missouri," "Pay Gravel," "A Virginia Scout," etc.

CHAPTER X—Continued

She was coolly saying: "Monsieur forgot himself. I also will forget. He meant to be kind; so his fault is amiable. I will see that monsieur is well paid for his time and worry and the dangers he encounters. He shall be paid in gold. I am without money just now. I may choose to demean myself by labor. But—but I always pay my debts."

I knew two things as she uttered this preposterous talk—she was adorable, regardless of her past history; and she deserved to be slapped. I rose and bowed, and said:

"It is all forgotten. If in anything I have said or done I have impressed you as one who would help a helpless woman for so many pieces of gold or silver then you shall pay me. If you decide to the contrary you will never mention the pay again. I only ask that during the rest of the trip neither of us be foolish enough to remember this talk to be embarrassed by it."

She frowned, as if puzzled by my words, then gave a little shrug to show she dismissed the whole matter. But in the back of my mind was the amazing fact that I had offered to marry her, to exorcise her from a hundred and one humiliations, let alone dangers, and had been coldly refused because of "pride."

Labrador returned and reported: "If Damoon visited the Tunica village he has not left it. No Choctaws have traveled inland from the river."

Old Six Fingers came cursing his way through the bushes, and snarled at me:

"No gold, no diamonds, and no d—n gourd. So you got no water."

"Then we will move on and find the Tunica village. I will scout ahead and see if they will lift the peace calumet. Labrador, hold back with mademoiselle until you get my signal to come on."

"A moment, Monsieur Brampton," she sharply demanded. "We will go together, or not at all. One brave gentleman has lost his life to serve me. Now we will all share alike."

She was as regal as a marquise in hauteur, and the tilt of the small head was suggestive of one used to authority.

"It must be as I say," I told her. "But there will be no danger. Fear nothing because of me."

Instantly her mood changed, and she was clinging to my arm, and tearfully pleading:

"Let me go with you, monsieur. I beg of you to let me go with you."

I glanced aside at the lowering Six Fingers and murmured:

"He can harm you none. He is depending on me for his very life. Besides you will have my friend."

"And you thought I was thinking of myself," she sadly remarked, turning away.

With an order to Labrador—in Choctaw—to hold her back I received a hostile welcome. I hurried up the path to the Tunica village. Half an hour was sufficient to bring me to the foot of the stockade surrounding the village. There was loud singing inside the stockade and I remained at the edge of the forest, wondering what could occasion it so early in the morning; for singing meant some ceremony.

Evidently something of importance had happened, or was about to happen, and I would have preferred seeing the ceremony from the outside of the stockade, but I was not to be so lucky.

Not to be so lucky, I advanced and came face to face with a warrior just inside the gate.

We stared at each other a moment, then his face cracked in a smile, and he extended a hand, and said:

"My white brother is welcome. The white Indian has a red heart when he is with the Humas."

I had been among Indians enough to distinguish them as individuals, just as I would white men, and as I held his hand I remembered him and replied:

"The white Indian comes to renew his red heart with Little Turkey and Six Fingers and to smoke the calumet with Strong Bow."

Strong Bow was head chief of the Humas, and a very old man. I had smoked with him the year before and I was anxious to find him.

To my relief Little Turkey said: "Strong Bow is now in his cabin after seeing the dance. He has smoked the calumet once this morning, but he is never too weary to lift the pipe to the white Indian."

He turned and walked away, and I followed him.

We had an open path to the chief's cabin, which was built of posts, plastered with clay. Split cane formed the roof. Outside the opening was a raised platform on which were piled bearskins and sleds. Through the entrance I saw Strong Bow reclining on a couch of skins and cane mats.

chief I later learned, stood at the foot of the couch, his girdle of colored feathers hanging down like a tail. This young man, on beholding me, backed from the couch and, in what was a most indecorous deportment for an Indian, turned and bolted through the door. Little Turkey glared after him reproachfully.

Strong Bow did not seem to notice his grandson's ill manners. He sat up, I squatted on the floor, and the two of us stared at the beaten earth for nearly a minute.

Then the chief said: "The white Indian does not forget the Red (Huma) Choctaws. He brings presents to them and he is always welcome."

"On my last visit I brought presents and took nothing but your friendship. That was enough. Today I bring Strong Bow a present and promise more when I come again."

Anxious to receive his gift he motioned for Little Turkey to bring the peace calumet from its peg on a post. Little Turkey brought it and filled and gave it to the chief and then brought

him. "The smoke covers them. It was agreed that I smoked for the three of them."

He remained silent for half a minute staring toward the entrance in the stockade. "They smoked when you smoked," he finally remarked. "But old men sometimes forget. It is easier for them to forget if an evil bird whispers in their ear."

He had given me a friendly warning. To ask him to interpret and go into details would have been useless. I knew he was my friend just as I knew the young warrior seen in the chief's cabin would be my enemy. I observed the slight straightening of his figure and a flash of his eyes in a sidelong glance. I looked to one side and beheld Damoon the Fox and a group of warriors approaching us.

The chief's grandson had informed my enemy of my presence, for he stood at Damoon's right hand and was pointing at me.

Among the Humas were several of Damoon's Choctaws; and with his hand on a pistol thrust through his sash the Fox gave a sharp order. The Blot Choctaws darted forward, but Little Turkey, already sensing the hostility between the Frenchman and me, leaped before the Choctaws and hung up his right hand, and cried: "They have smoked!"

The Choctaws fell back. Damoon cursed in French and ordered them to seize me. But even his new ally, the chief's grandson, dared not see the peace of the pipe violated. I heard him remind the Fox that the stem of the peace calumet did not extend beyond the stockade; in plain English, once outside the palings we could fight to our heart's desire and the savages would enjoy watching the spectacle.

But the village inside the stockade, like the Choctaw "white" towns, was a sanctuary, and those who had been received in peace could not be disturbed.

With the first flush of anger succeeded by cold reason Damoon knew the uselessness of opposing this ancient custom of the Humas. With his thumbs hooked in his red sash he swaggered up to me, and quietly greeted:

"No, English spy, I've caught you at last."

"French spy, you mean you have caught up with me," I corrected. "And where are the rest of your red friends—aside from those feeding the catfish in the river?"

He showed his teeth in a thin-lipped grin and informed me:

"Outside, hunting for your friends. No pipes have been smoked out there. I told them not to hurt the woman. I think I shall keep her."

I felt a thrill to engage me into an imprudence, so he might shoot me in the plea of self-defense. I did not rise to the bait. He went on:

"I came here to smoke the calumet and get some red trackers. I never dreamed of this good luck. My manito is very strong. I know you had hidden, for there were scraps of meat and bones on a rock in the river, where your lookout had extra."

I mentally cursed old Six Fingers for leaving the signs, although I was the more to blame for not looking after him.

"Oh, bien, canaille," I said, "when we meet again there will be no cat met stem between us."

"Nothing but red wampum. But wait. There! You would miss the best of it. You will find it dead!"

And from the medicine bag at his girdle he took out a green scalp and shook out the long, black hair waving in close to my face he said: "A souvenir of the crazy Frenchman!"

My heart pumped tumultuously; but my face was frozen in its cold expression.

"Because you took his hair I will lift your scalp some day, Damoon. My manito tells me you will be hanged before the Moon of Turkeys (October)."

He laughed, but now his hate showed through his mirth.

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I suggested the possibility of my overtaking him before he and mademoiselle reached the village, which would permit him to pass by and wait for me somewhere above Fort Rosselle. "No, no, monsieur; I will not hide. She is my wife. I have taken no other. I will take mademoiselle to the village and you will follow when you can."

"Good Luck! This Will Be Death!" I hurried her to a cabin where she could be alone with two Humas women and took up my quarters with Six Fingers and Labrador in an adjacent cabin.

"Cecile me! But what's to stop these red bullets from boarding us now?" anxiously demanded Six Fingers, referring to the Blot Choctaws in the village.

"We will not be molested while in the village," I assured them. "I have smoked for all of you."

"Age? Then God bless the pipe!" growled Six Fingers with much relief in his voice. "But we're land locked here. Where's the channel? And when do we up with our hooks and sail?"

"I'll find the channel before night. We must get away tonight if it is possible."

He thrust his scrawny neck out of the opening and became absorbed in watching the men and women passing back and forth.

"How me and beach me," I heard him softly exclaim. Then, without turning his head: "Shipmate Labrador, you spoke by the Book. The legends are loaded with gold!"

Labrador grinned at me because of the fellow's ignorance in mistaking brass and copper for the precious metal. Six Fingers grew bolder and walked outside and toward the girl's cabin.

To Labrador I said:

"There will be a big feast tonight. Mademoiselle will not attend. You and Six Fingers leave the feast when I give the signal and take her to the river and start up stream in a pirogue. Make for the Natchez village. I will overtake you."

"That Natchez village! I do not want to go there, my friend. They have promised war against the French."

"As my friend you will be safe. Tell Tattled Serpent I sent you."

"Don't! Do not care for their threats of war. There is another reason. It is a woman. She is noble. And she is my wife."

Now the women of the Natchez, while single, were grossly below any standard of morality as measured by the white man's civilization; but once they married they became patterns of virtue. What the white race would consider a demerit was held to be a virtue by the Natchez, as it was by parting with chastity that the Natchez woman accumulated her marriage dowry. The nobles could not marry within their order, and many of the women refused to marry the lower class, or commoners. To find a French husband was an excellent way of escaping a union with the inferior class. It would follow that Labrador's wife would be true to him and was waiting for him to return.

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"Fool! Bald-head yourself! I will keep the woman till she tires me, and I will decorate her leggings with the hair of the mad Frenchman and with that of the white Indian—one scalp for each legging."

At this grossness my gorge boiled over, and despite the calumet I would have attacked him had I not been confounded by a fresh situation; nothing less than the appearance of Mademoiselle Dahlgarde running into the village closely followed by Labrador and Six Fingers. Naturally believing that Damoon's Choctaws had flushed them from their hiding-place and were hot on their trail and that at any moment they would be pouring into the stockade, eager to kill because of their ignorance of the peace smoke, I ran to meet the girl.

Damoon must have also started forward, for I heard Little Turkey's muffled voice proclaiming:

"They are in the peace smoke. Let no one forget the shadow of the peace calumet."

I glanced back and observed the Humas had eluded in between Damoon and his Choctaws and me. The next moment the girl had both my hands, and was crying:

"Oh, monsieur! I felt you were in danger. They tried to stop me. When they were not looking I ran up the path. Thank the good God you still live!"

"As mademoiselle is to see much of me, Monsieur Brampton, suppose you present me to her," suavely suggested Damoon at my elbow.

The girl stared at him wonderingly; then began to shrink behind me to escape his evil gaze. She was guessing some of the truth of the climax, and as it was best that she should understand all I bowed to her, and said:

"Mademoiselle Dahlgarde, this is the devil."

CHAPTER XI

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The Kitchen Cabinet

(By 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

In a sense love is everything. It is the key to life, and its influence are those that move the world. Live only in the thought of love for all and you will draw love to you from all. Live in the thought of malice and hatred and malice and hatred will come back to you. —Trine.

WHOLESONE DISHES

A waffle is good at any meal and usually well liked. Now that the fresh maple syrup is on the market it will be doubly enjoyed.

One-Egg Waffles.—Break the yolk of an egg into a bowl and beat well, add two cups of buttermilk and two cups of flour sifted with one teaspoonful of soda and two of baking powder. Beat the egg white

and add to the batter after adding a tablespoonful of melted butter. Heat the waffle iron for some time slowly, then grease quickly with a brush or cloth tied to a stick, turn and grease the other side, now add the batter—just enough to fill after the rising of the dough. Cook well on one side before turning on the other. Most recipes make six to eight waffles. Serve cold with a hot sauce, or it will make the crisp, hot waffle soggy. Wipe the iron with tissue paper before putting it away.

Liver Soup.—Take half a pound of cold cooked liver, put through the meat grinder. Fry one small onion in two tablespoonfuls of butter, then add the liver. Add one cupful of sifted bread crumbs, season with salt, pepper and add six cupfuls of soup stock. Cook fifteen minutes, press through a colander and thicken with the yolk of an egg. Serve at once.

Boston Brown Bread.—Take one cupful of whole wheat flour, corn meal and Graham. Mix two cupfuls of sour milk and one-half cupful of molasses, a teaspoonful of salt, and one of soda. Stir in the dry ingredients, beating thoroughly. Turn into well-buttered pound baking powder cans and steam two hours. Remove the covers and roll into a hot oven for fifteen minutes to dry out. Add raisins if desired to the batter.

Use maple syrup with one cupful of sugar and one of the syrup in making butter

